

# "The Farmer Kept Faith With the Country"

--Now Let the Country Keep Faith With Him"

## LEONARD WOOD

This is Wood's sentiment toward the American Farmer, as expressed in his Platform and speeches:

"If the farmers had not kept faith as they did we would have lost the war, we would have been unable to feed our Allies and ourselves. They sent their sons to war, and in spite of the shortage of labor they raised the biggest crop in history.

"We want to maintain our rural population because it is the basis of our most stable citizenship. To do this, we must make life on the farms more attractive. The farmer must have good roads—he pays his full share of taxes. His interests must not be permitted to suffer so that other interests may profit more. If there is anything more important in this country than Agriculture, I do not know it.

"We must have a Department of Agriculture conducted for the Farming interests by men who really know farming from the furrow to the crop.

"We must have national economy at Washington, and a budget system.

"We must have federal suppression of all dishonest business, no matter how large, no matter how small.

"We must have more producing, less spending, a saner cost of living.

"We must have a longer term of years to pay the war debt.

"We want fewer tenant farms, more owned farms."

### Farmers of Michigan:

*If these principles, these sentiments, express the kind of American you want to rule the Nation, vote for LEONARD WOOD.*

It is your DUTY to vote in the primaries, April 5. You cannot vote unless you are registered.

*This advertisement paid for by the Leonard Wood League of Michigan. F. M. Alger, Pres.; W. C. Piper, V. Pres.; C. A. Weissert, Sec. & Treas.*

### BEGINNING AGAIN

By MARY WINIFRED FORD.

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"But Tom, what's the use, she will only start all over again—it's getting unbearable," and Dick Hollister paced the room up and down as if uncertain what to do.

"Dick, she is only a mere child—she does it only to tease you, and you know she doesn't care a might about any of them," Tom added consolingly.

Tom Brewster was Dick's closest friend, and Tom knew only too well Dick's greatest fault, which was his jealousy over any attention shown Fifi Gray, his sweetheart from childhood.

Fifi was home for the holidays from boarding school, and Dick was home also for the holidays from college. The first few days were delightful ones for Dick and Fifi until Bob Merrill arrived. Barbara Merrill had met Fifi at a house party the year previous, and they had become good friends. Bob had been out West for five years and had just returned home—"Handsome Bob," as he was called by his most intimate friends. After securing an introduction to Fifi, Bob fairly monopolized her, and fully three days had gone by now and Dick had not even a glimpse of Fifi. He called at her home and was informed that "Miss Fifi" was out motoring with Mr. Bob, and pulling his cap far over his eyes and with his hands deep in his pockets, Dick would tear around the town looking for Bob and Fifi, and then suddenly would come upon them arm in arm laughing happily. Fifi looked so unconcerned when she saw him and smiled up at him so pleasantly, that Dick could only look at her and pass on without a word. Fifi could not understand for a moment; then remembering the old Dick whom she knew so well before they went away to school, she knew he was jealous of Bob Merrill's attentions, and Fifi decided to cure Dick's jealousy. So the following day when she was with Bob and Dick appeared, she passed him by without any recognition on her part whatever. The more Fifi thought of it, the more she wanted to tease Dick, so when she received a note from Dick asking her permission to act as her escort to Barbara Merrill's reception, to which they were both invited, Fifi declined with thanks, and added that Mr. Merrill was going to call for her.

"Tom, this is going the limit—I just can't stand it any longer; somehow or other I wish the two weeks were up and that I was back at college, plugging away, almost anything rather than watch that fellow take her away from me."

"Dick, don't be foolish and stay away from the reception—why don't you show Fifi that you don't care—why not make her jealous?"

"That you, Fifi? Awfully sorry, little girl, but it will be impossible for me to come over in the car for you. I have to meet a friend at the station—not offended are you? Thanks," and Fifi could only stare at the telephone in a dazed sort of fashion.

"Whatever will I do; the idea of him disappointing me at the last moment—why didn't I let Dick call for me," and going to the telephone she called Dick.

"Yes, Dick, dear, I've decided that I don't want to go with Tom; in fact, I want you to call for me—will you?"

"Why—er—yes, if Mr. Merrill is not going to," and to Fifi, Dick's voice sounded very cold.

At the reception that evening poor Fifi had a miserable time of it with four conspirators around. Barbara fairly monopolized Dick and Dick looked like the devoted lover. Bob was all eyes and ears for his little sweetheart Nellie Lowe, and Tom played his part to perfection. Going to Fifi who looked so out of place alone, he said smilingly, "Well, Barbara and Dick certainly are having a wonderful evening—I don't know when I saw Dick so attentive to a young lady before, and look at our 'Handsome Bob'—oh, by the way, do you know they are going to announce the engagement tomorrow?"

At this point of the conversation Tom was called away, and Fifi was left to wonder whose engagement it was, Dick and Barbara's or Bob's, and feeling certain that no one saw her she stole out into the conservatory and sitting behind some palms the brown curly head dropped and the tears fell fast. And before she realized it, she was talking aloud: "To think my little playmate and sweetheart is mine no more," and the tears continued to fall. A heavy step sounded close by, but Fifi did not pay any attention to it, and presently a voice was saying, "No, dear little playmate, I'm still your Dick and what's more—"

"Why, Dick Hollister, the idea of you talking to me like that when Barbara and—oh, let me pass," but Dick stood in her way and taking the little hands in his he told her how Barbara, he, Tom and Bob had conspired in order to cure her of her flirtations and teasing him.

"Why—er—Dick, that's funny, and only a few days ago I decided I wanted to give you a lesson so that you would not be jealous of me any more, but—"

"But what, little girl?" asked Dick tenderly.

"Well, it's—it's kind of nice to have someone care, and I don't care if you are jealous, so there!" and Fifi tried to run away.

The waltz was playing and as the last note died, Dick whispered in Fifi's ear, "Yes, little girl, we'll begin all over again."

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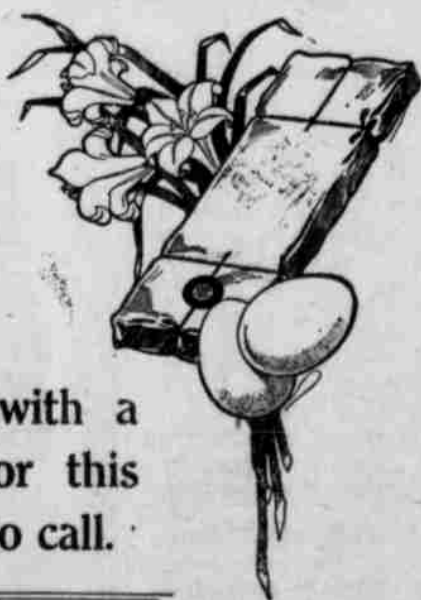
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